

The Children's Newspaper, Week Ending August 21, 1943

OUT OF THE FIRES

IT is just ten years since the Nazis burned thousands of books by freedom-loving writers. It was a staged ceremony in which the work of Germans and Jews, Americans and Czechs, Austrians, Frenchmen, and Russians went up in smoke.

On the tenth anniversary of this shocking event, while we are in the midst of a great struggle for freedom of speech and writing, three hundred public libraries in America flew their flags at half-mast and remembered the day as one for a "demonstration of loyalty to the idea of true civilisation and to the words, You have no power to kill the soul."

The Burning of the Books

Books are part of the world's soul. Behind every book, however poor or badly written, lies a personality. The Nazi gesture of 1933 was a prelude to the storm which they were preparing for the world. It was a gesture which we should then have more fully understood. It revealed through the flames of those books a picture of the sinister horrors which those who stoked the fire of books were preparing for the world. The Nazis knew that the surest way to stifle hopes and dreams, learning and liberty, culture and civilisation, was by the destruction of books, for those books enshrined in a manner that all men could understand ideas of life which the Nazis hated.

So the pyres of books were mounted and across the fair hopes of mankind the smoke spread, until men realised in desperation (in the words of Thomas Mann, the great German writer now an exile in America) "that the Hitler regime means the regime of the burning of the books, and always will mean that."

Those who love and treasure books are linked together in a great friendship. The English-speaking peoples specially are the "people of a book"—the Bible. In the past attempts have been made to keep the Bible from the people, and at tense moments in our national history to destroy it by fire. But the Bible has a relentless way of its own. It is still the world's best seller, and at this moment the printing presses have not enough paper to meet the demand. This Book of Books has a message for all men because it speaks of the big, profound fact about God and human life. That is why no fire, no tyrant, no dictator, has ever been able to destroy it.

A Call to Liberty-Loving Peoples

That is the way of great books. They live. They take on personality. We like to have them round us in the rooms of life as friends and advisers. It is a wrench to part with even one of them. But not so with Hitler and the stifling regime he has built up in Europe. The burning of Louvain Library in the last war is still remembered by those who love the freedom of books. That burning was a call to the liberty-loving and book-loving peoples to put up the shelves again so that Louvain might continue its work for truth and the freedom of the mind. There will again be a similar call when the doors of Europe swing back in freedom. In America a committee for the "Restoration of Burned and Banned Books in Europe" has been set up and has already published a list of the books which will be the first to be restored to the libraries of liberated Europe.

THAT is one of the best answers to Hitler. We may hold indignation meetings and rouse angry moods, but it is the calm preparation to fill up the shelves, to re-open the minds and to set men again working among the stores of the world's literature that is the triumphant answer to fire and destruction. When in the desert Moses saw the burning bush with the flames leaping round it and realised that it was not being destroyed he was immediately aware of the presence of God. So Germany's destruction of books and libraries may have consumed paper and binding, but the books have not been destroyed. They live. A good book, like a good man, is indestructible. The body may be destroyed, but the soul lives on. We may believe that about the future, and when the tale of this war is fully told men will note that at the height of it we were concerned about books—the living conveyances of man's spirit of freedom from one country to another.

A Task For the Western World

Books have no frontiers. That is why Hitler hates them. Ideas skim the mountains and cross the seas. Books bind the nations together. They speak when men are silent, and their message goes home to the heart. But if we so regard the high purpose of books we must see to it that in the new world there are books for all men. Africa is starved of books. Scores of her 257 languages have only one book in them. India is asking for more and more books. The lands of Islam are waking up to the magic of the printed page. Give us books is the growing cry of the people of Africa, India, and the East. One of our tasks in the Western world is to see that these books are good books in which, to use C. P. Scott's great words, "Facts are sacred, comment is free." We live in a day when the word printed and spoken can be triumphantly or basely used. The result of the Nazi holocaust of books may be that we shall see the high purpose of the printed word and set ourselves to fulfil it, so that in the words of James Russell Lowell:

*We will speak out, we will be heard,
Though all earth's systems crack;
We will not bate a single word,
Nor take a letter back.
Let liars fear, let cowards shrink,
Let traitors turn away;
Whatever we have dared to think
That dare we also say.
We speak the truth, and what care we
For hissing and for scorn,
While some faint gleamings we can see
Of Freedom's coming morn?*

Hope For the Future

In the light of the flames which Germany's war on books and culture has produced we may see some hope for the future. Here in our own land we need a new popular love of good literature and lovely things. The trashy and the tawdry must go. Through our schools, through our press and radio, we have access to the minds and hearts of a new generation of Britons who will love the true and beautiful and the "things of good report." St Paul's words to the people who lived in Philippi in the midst of paganism and corruption remain true for us today.

THE fires raging today illumine the eternal facts which nothing can destroy. Out of these fires new hopes are rising for all mankind.

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FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE



Fire Girl

Operating the mobile pump at the NAAFI headquarters at Claygate, where the girls receive intensive training in fire fighting

Nelson's Captain as Ruler of Rome

IT has long been our boast that the Navy can go anywhere and do anything, but it is not generally known that once it seized and ruled Rome.

The hero of this remarkable story was Captain Thomas Louis, later an Admiral. At the Battle of the Nile, Louis, in command of the Minotaur, lay next the Vanguard, Nelson's ship, and sustained her magnificently in keeping her place in the victorious line. At the end of the conflict, Nelson, badly wounded, sent for Captain Louis, and said: "I thank you from my soul."

The bond of sympathy thus created between two such spirits was bound to have some sequel out of the common, and such a sequel there was. A year later, in 1799, when the French were masters of Italy, and the Pope a fugitive from Rome, Nelson selected Louis for the most extraordinary dash for glory that a British sailor ever made.

Captain Louis rowed up the Tiber in his barge, took possession of Rome, hoisted his flag

over the Capitol, and there for a brief season, in the realm of the Caesars and the Popes, reigned as undisputed ruler!

The incident so stimulated the imagination of Nelson that when the Pope returned to Rome shortly afterwards he addressed this letter to him:

"Father McCormick, coming to me at the house of Sir William Hamilton to congratulate me on the Battle of the Nile, in September, 1798, said: 'What you have done is great, but you will do a greater thing—you will take Rome with your ships.' Although I do not believe that the Father had the gift of prophecy, yet his guess was so extraordinary, and has turned out so exactly, that I could not, on my conscience, avoid telling your Holiness of it."

It cost Rome many ships, many horses, and some of Caesar's finest legions to capture Britain; we returned the compliment, 18 centuries later, by capturing Rome with a barge, a boat or two, and a dauntless captain.

The Allied Offensive is Mounting

THIS month of August has proved as disastrous for the Germans and their allies as was that August of 1918, which was the beginning of the end of the last war.

We cannot perhaps expect the rapid break-up of our numerous enemies which occurred in the Autumn of 25 years ago, but we can confidently look forward to a far greater advance upon their strongholds than even the most optimistic had hoped for.

The best news has come from the Russian front, where Hitler has concentrated the most powerful of his forces. There, instead of advancing, the Germans and their allies are being steadily and remorselessly thrust back. The mighty stronghold of Orel has fallen to the Russians at the very season of the year when conditions favoured their enemy. Next, by the capture of Byelgorod, 150 miles to the south, the important railway running to that town from Moscow passed into Russian hands to help them in their rapid thrusts westward. Both on the ground and in the air the Russians are winning success after success: the initiative has definitely passed to them.

While these stupendous victories were being won, General Montgomery and the Eighth Army were entering the Sicilian key town of Catania, while to his left the Canadians and Americans were storming strong point after strong point as they advanced north of Mount Etna.

The attack on the mainland of Italy too was renewed in full intensity, military objectives in Naples, Milan, Genoa, and Turin being vigorously attacked from the air, in addition to the airfields and communications. All these operations have been directed mainly at the Nazis, for the Italian people themselves are today but their unwilling slaves. In Sicily, indeed, they have welcomed the Allies as liberators.

With her forces fighting on the defensive beyond her borders, Germany's inhabitants are in their turn being made to realise what total war means. Hamburg lies almost in ruins, the war in-

dustries of the towns of the Ruhr district have been slowed down, and with the lengthening nights providing more distant targets for our bombers, hundreds of thousands of their inhabitants are being evacuated from big industrial cities like Berlin.

The dominating air power of the Allies is at long last creating a situation which must fill Hitler and his gang with foreboding.

Meanwhile, in the Far East General MacArthur continues his successful offensive against the Japanese. Munda, the great airfield in New Georgia, is in his hands, and once again relieving Japanese ships have been sunk.

There are signs everywhere of the confidence of both the Allies and Neutrals in the way the conflict has turned. France is at last represented by one body, which has pledged all its united forces in the support of the Allies. Sweden has forbidden to the Germans the use of her railways, and the Greek and Yugoslav patriots are working in still closer touch with Allied headquarters in Cairo. China too is growing more and more confident, now that America can send her increased armaments.

So with mounting hope and pride the civilian worker in every land of freedom must press on with his task. It is he who has made these victories possible on land and sea and in the air, and it largely rests on his continued exertions whether the final victory comes soon or is long drawn out. A great opportunity, with many young lives in the balance, still rests with the man and woman, boy and girl, working for victory in his homeland.

The Normandie Will Sail Again

THE greatest salvage job ever undertaken is the refloating of the French liner Normandie at New York. She capsized at her berth in February last year after a big fire, and for a long time it was regarded as doubtful whether anything could ever be done to save the 83,000-ton Queen of the Sea, whose nine years' career on the Atlantic had seen many triumphs of speed. The fire occurred a few months after Pearl Harbour, when the US authorities took over the ship and renamed her Lafayette, and the work of converting her for use of the American Navy had been half completed.

The work of righting her from the most awkward position in which she lay was first prepared over a year ago, and this month

all was in readiness to raise her slowly out of the mud.

It was a delicate business because she lay tilted at an angle of 53 degrees, and it entailed the labours of hundreds of divers. Working in utter darkness, they had to seal up nearly 400 portholes, many of which were buried under several feet of mud; and they also had to make 19 watertight compartments for the pumps. The necessary pumping could have been accomplished in a few hours, but it had to take several days.

The main peril encountered by the divers and other workmen was from the fine particles of spun glass used for insulation, which penetrated their skins with painful and sometimes dangerous effects.

THINGS SEEN

A red calf with a white V on its forehead at Churchill Farm, near Bridgwater.

A duck with nine tiny ducklings walking from Greenwich Park to the large pond, a journey of three-quarters of a mile at Blackheath.

A black cat taking a siesta on a bird-table.

Wood Replacing Steel

Wood is being more widely used for the war effort than ever known before as a substitute for iron and steel. One ton of steel can be saved by the use of 1000 board feet of lumber. Even metal springs have been replaced by a specially developed wood type, and other articles hitherto made from metal, such as mirror frames, certain farm implements, prams, and bathtubs, are now being manufactured entirely of wood.

COLONEL FAWCETT'S COMPASS?

EIGHTEEN years have elapsed since a famous British explorer, Colonel H. P. Fawcett, D.S.O., disappeared from civilisation. He had marched into the jungle of Central Brazil to investigate one of the geographical mysteries yet remaining in the world. Many attempts have been made to penetrate the jungle of the Matto Grosso, which has been named the "Green Hell." Fawcett disappeared somewhere in the region of the Xingu River, the River of Death. With him also apparently perished his son Jack Fawcett, and Raleigh Rummel, with a small party of friendly Indians.

Interest has been revived in the subject by an officer of the Brazilian army, Colonel Mario Barata, who has discovered what appear to be Colonel Fawcett's compass and book. Colonel Barata states that he obtained them from an Indian in barter; the Indian declaring that he got them from jungle dwellers near the Death River in exchange for food and tools.

It seems to be established that the compass is undoubtedly the one taken on his travels by the missing explorer; he commonly wore it on his helmet. The book also appears to be the one which Colonel Fawcett prized. It was full of drawings and quotations.

From ARTHUR MEE'S WILL

I LEAVE my love and good will to that multitude of unknown friends throughout the world who read the Children's Newspaper and the Children's Encyclopedia, whose devotion and sympathy have made journalism a pleasure and an inspiration for me; and I leave them the hope that they will live to see the future we have dreamed of and worked for.

I LEAVE to all who love me my faith that all is well and that the Universe is in the hands of God.

I LEAVE to all who love them any pleasant memories of me that are in the world; and any unhappy or ungentle remembrances that live in the World as I pass out of it I leave to Oblivion.

THIS KIND WORLD

It is three years since Mr Edwin Smart joined up. He felt he had to go, but he was sorry to leave his workshop, a little shed where he delighted to potter about with pieces of wood and his tools and a glue-pot. But it had to be; so he locked the door and turned away.

Month by month the shed remained unopened. The years went by, and it was neglected, for Mr Smart was serving overseas and had never had a leave. The paint on his shed began to peel off. The hinges of the door were rusting away. The whole place was fast becoming derelict.

Then the neighbours put their heads together. A supply of paint was found, and on sunny evenings folk cleaned and repaired and painted Mr Smart's shed so that it might be fit to use again when he comes home.

Little News Reels

MEMBERS of the W.A.A.F., if unmarried and between 20 and 28, are eligible to be taught flying for service with Air Transport Auxiliary either at home or abroad.

Actuated exclusively by the idea of individual freedom and respect for the human person, the British Empire constitutes the hope as well as the guarantee that neither disorder nor barbarism nor tyranny shall master the world.

The Spanish Newspaper "Ya."
Mr H. Morgenthau, Secretary of the United States Treasury, has announced that on September 9 he will authorise the largest financial programme in history. This will be the issue of the £3750,000,000 third U.S. War Loan, which will be on sale to individual investors, corporation insurance companies, and other non-banking groups.

Up to June 30 more than nine million tons of German and Italian ships had been captured, sunk, or damaged by Allied surface ships, submarines, aircraft, or mines.

All his savings have been left by Dr Lin Sen, late President of China, for scholarships for Chinese students.

The next registration of 16-year-olds will be on Saturday, August 28, and then, beginning on October 30, registration will take place on the last Saturday of each month; at the same time adult identity cards will be issued.

Thirty thousand fresh-water fish have been put in the Thames between Walton and Shepperton.

Youth News Reel

FOUR hundred snails were collected by some American Scouts for Cecil B. De Mille, who required them for a film he is making about the naval hero Doctor Wassell; the doctor spent years searching for the carriers of a disease which spread through parts of China, and snails were found to be guilty.

Canadian Scouts at The Pas, Manitoba, collected 135 pounds of fat and 700 pounds of bones in one day.

Twelve Wolf Cubs of the 8th Rotherham (Yorks) Wolf Cub Pack collected 1300 razor blades in two nights.

"THE first aid was efficiently and correctly carried out, and was a valuable factor in the conduct of the case," was the comment made by a doctor, after Troop Leader Cawley of New Donnington (Shropshire) had given first

A resident of Harlow, Essex, has given a copy of the New Testament to be placed in the railway station waiting room.

EACH week five one-shilling vouchers are to be issued to boys and girls under 16 working in Government offices, entitling them to a hot midday meal.

Over 16,000,000 books have been handed in to post-offices in Britain for distribution to members of the Forces. On one day in London the number of books handed in filled 7000 mail bags.

Mr Churchill has gone to Canada and while in the New World he will confer with Mr Roosevelt, Mr Mackenzie King, and other leaders on future moves for Victory.

The biggest single purchase of tea ever known has been made by Lord Woolton, who has bought this year's crop, over 700,000,000 pounds, for distribution to the whole world outside Axis countries.

HALF a dozen N.F.S. water tanks in one small area of London have been well stocked with tiddlers and small goldfish, possibly by youngsters who hope to have some fishing later on!

A wealthy retired merchant of over 80 is busy making delicate posies of artificial flowers for sale for the Red Cross.

Seven W.A.A.F.s have discovered and cleaned up a tiny disused sixth-century church near their camp in North Wales and the first service has just been held with a church parade including an R.A.F. band.

Sir Malcolm Robertson, M.P., Chairman of the British Council, paying tribute to the fine spirit of the Scouts, said that the future of the world depended upon the good-will they displayed and which, as Scouts, they had sworn to show throughout their lives.

For the sixth year in succession the Headmaster welcomed to Queens College, Taunton, a Boys' Brigade Officers Training School, which was attended this year by 60 men from England and Wales and several missionaries on furlough from Africa.

To mark the Boys' Brigade Diamond Jubilee the 1st Slough Company has presented an oak table for flowers to stand before their church Roll of Honour and £25 to start an organ memorial fund.

The Centenary of Rugby's Colours

THIS summer appears to be the centenary of the adoption of blue cricketing shirts by Rugby School. It was in March 1843, too, that boys of Rugby School first donned the velvet football cap, which was later copied elsewhere.

There is direct evidence about the football cap, and Mr E. R. Wilson, of Winchester, has stated in a recent letter to The Times some very good reasons for believing that this year is the centenary of the cricket colours as well.

He points out that *Bell's Life in London*, June 25, 1843, in the account of the cricket match (June 15-16, 1843) between the School and the Gentlemen of Nottingham, describes the boys as "all habited alike." In those days, Mr Wilson writes, colours would take the form of a shirt or ribbon rather than a cap. It

is true that Felix in his Treatise on the Bat (1845) recommends a cap, and wore a cap himself; but in Mason's picture of Sussex and Kent, of which the engraving was published in 1849, all the players wore top hats except Felix (in a cap) and Mynn and Wisden (in straw hats). The All England Eleven adopted in 1847, their first full season, the famous "white shirt with pink spots," and the Harlequins, founded at Oxford in 1852, also immediately adopted the shirt.

If, concludes Mr Wilson, the football authorities instituted colours for football, it would be natural for the cricketers to follow suit. June 16 in those days, when there were only two terms to the year, would be near the end of the summer term, and all the eleven would have received their colours—"all habited alike."

THE SCOUTS TO HENRY FORD

FOUR King's Scouts kept a year-old promise to Mr Henry Ford the other day when Hugh Bright, of Glasgow, handed over four panels of wood to Mr Ford's representative in London. The Scouts representing the other three countries were Harold Loughran, of Liverpool, Colwyn Rich, of Cardiff, and R. A. B. Bradford, of Belfast.

Last summer four Scouts were selected to go to the United States on a goodwill tour, and during a visit to Detroit they were shown over his vast River Rouge works by Mr Henry Ford. Mr Ford also took them to Greenfield Village, where he has one of the biggest museums in America.

In Greenfield Village, Mr Ford was building a cabin to commemorate the work of his friend, the famous negro scientist, Dr George Washington Carver. This lodge is to contain panels from native trees of all the 48 States in the American Union, and Mr Ford asked the British Scouts to give panels from four trees typical of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

It has taken some months to select and season the wood from trees on Scout camp sites, but the panels were ready in time to reach Detroit by plane on Mr Henry Ford's 80th birthday.

TOPS WALKS HOME

The CN has told many stories of the great distances travelled by cats. A letter recently received by Mr Ronald Whittle, of Appleton, Warrington, revealed that Tops, his cat, had walked 115 miles from Warrington to its former home in 10 days.

The Whittles went by road from John o' Gaunt, a hamlet near Iwryford, 15 miles north-east of Leicester, to live at Warrington and took their 15-month-old cat Tops with them. Tops stayed a fortnight and then vanished. But within another fortnight news arrived of his safe arrival at John o' Gaunt.

BLACKOUT & WASHOUT

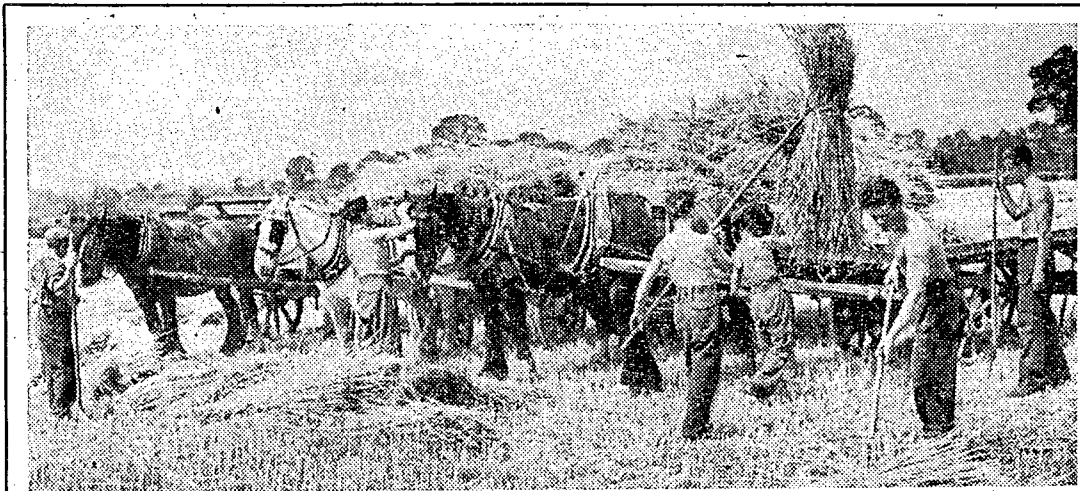
Sicilians feel so secure now that their Fascist shackles have been struck off by the Allies that they grow incautious. Recently the nightly blackout of the interior was ended by roaring bonfires, which seemed to have some military significance.

But no, it was simply fires of straw lit by the peasants as "rain-makers," offerings to some legendary influence which age-old tradition bids them believe to be responsible for the giving or withholding of rain. Sicily was parched at the time; here were propitiatory offerings of undoubtedly ancient pagan origin.

The bonfires happened to coincide with the advent of downpours and floodings of which the wireless was prompt in telling us, but the credulous Sicilians were sure that the bonfires and attendant deluge were a case of cause and effect.

A NEW PLASTIC

The discovery of a new plastic of secret composition is announced, which, it is claimed, will hold metals together more strongly than either riveting or spot welding. Its basis is synthetic coal, and this is sprayed or painted on the surface to be joined, the process requiring considerable pressure and mild heat.



The Army at Work

Men of the Royal Engineers helping with the harvest at Broadway in Worcestershire

BRINGING HOME THE CAKE

Flight-Lieutenant Peter Dunn, of Wiltshire, meant to have a happy wedding even in wartime, so he brought the wedding cake home himself. No one will grudge him this luxury, for Peter Dunn was with Coastal Command in the Battle of Britain.

The cake weighed 35 pounds, and in it were no fewer than three dozen eggs. It had icing sugar and almond paste on the top!

The cake was made in Vancouver, and Peter Dunn brought it across the Atlantic in his bomber.

RELEASE OF PAINT

The Government has decided to release some 500,000 gallons of oil paint for private purchasers. This is to prevent the deterioration of property through enforced neglect of painting.

The paint is for the patching of outside work only, for, as it is necessary to use coal tar naphtha as a solvent, the paint may have a somewhat unpleasant odour. The paint is in dark brown colour only, and will be sold in pint and quart containers.

100 Lucky Children

Only the other day we were telling how Lancashire schoolchildren had contributed to an experiment in shoes.

Now, the CN learns, 100 Lancashire schoolchildren have made a test which, we venture to suggest, was more to the taste of boys and girls. The new experiment concerned chocolates containing vitamins A, B, C, and D, and the tests have proved successful. As a result hundreds of thousands of children in Europe will benefit.

Any similar experiments will be gratefully undertaken by boys and girls!

COUNTRY FIRES

Every year large areas of country are accidentally burned. The fires generally occur at weekends, when many people are spending the days out of doors.

Great tracts of heather, gorse, and woodland are destroyed. Flowering plants perish with their seeds. Deep-rooted, quickly growing plants, such as bracken, soon reappear, sometimes in even greater profusion than before, and choke the heather, which is slow in sprouting again. So everywhere bracken is gaining, while heather is losing ground.

It will take a lifetime to replace the well-grown trees; many of the rarer and more interesting plants may never reappear at all.

Fire is deadly to plant life, and to insects, birds, and small animals.

If people would take reasonable care such disasters need never occur. Avoid lighting fires, especially in dry weather. Tea can be brought in a thermos flask. Anything burning should be carefully extinguished. Stamp on lighted matches and cigarette ends. Society for the Protection of Wild Flowers.

GRATITUDE

Mr E. Hayes Dashwood, of Aston Rowant House, Oxfordshire, has given property worth £20,000 to St Thomas's Hospital, London, in gratitude for treatment received many years ago after a severe accident in the hunting field.

There is only one condition—that if the hospital is nationalised the gift shall be used for the advancement of medical knowledge.

BLITZ REPAIRS

Mr Ernest Brown, Minister of Health, has told the London Master Builders' Association that: No fewer than 2,700,000 damaged houses in England and Wales have been given first-aid repairs, and more extended work has been done to a further 1,100,000.

In the London region alone, 1,000,000 houses have been given first-aid repairs, and 500,000 have had further repairs.

SAFE MILK FOR ALL

Lord Woolton, the Food Minister, has told the House of Lords that within a few months the amount of pasteurised milk in Britain will be increased from 65 to 80 per cent. This statement was welcomed by Lord Horder, who praised pasteurisation because it did not lower the nutrition value of milk as boiling did, adding that it ought to be an offence to sell milk unpasteurised.

In pasteurisation the milk is kept for ten to twenty minutes at a temperature of 140 degrees to 180 degrees Fahrenheit in special vessels. The process is most effective when closed vessels are used in which the milk is constantly agitated to prevent the formation of a skin on the surface.

The Miner Mayor

The Mayor of Barnsley, Alderman S. Trueman, is a working miner, and each day goes down the pit. He devotes all his spare time to his civic duties, and to show their high regard for his splendid record of public service his fellow workmen and officials of the Wharnccliffe Woodmoor Colliery have recently presented him with a gold watch and chain.

100,000 TRUST ACRES

THAT useful institution, the National Trust, shows in its latest report a great increase in the number of its estates, being now in the possession of 100,000 acres of the English countryside.

"Besides forests, downs, and moorlands, and castles and cottages representative of various periods of English history," says the report, "we now own large tracts of cultivated land, including 200 farms, about 800 cottages, and great mansions housing collections of valuable pictures and furnishings standing in their appropriate settings of gardens and parks."

As the Trust becomes better known the number of its generous friends increases. It is a splendid thing when a very rich man realises that, for the cost of buying a single picture or other work of art, he can endow his nation for ever with some glorious tract of land.

The report points out that a number of properties are being maintained chiefly from invested funds given for their special endowment. The value of such endowments now exceeds £500,000, and applies more particularly to the historic country houses in the hands of the Trust.

The Council feels that a part of these endowments could with advantage be invested in agricultural land, which has a beauty of its own, while it contributes to our stock of essential wealth.

SWEET SONGSTER

At 93 Mrs Elizabeth Parfitt, of Newton, Porthcawl, Glamorgan, still takes her place as a chorister in the village church of St John's where she has sung for 34 years.

Her voice in later life was still so good that she was advised to take lessons, and at 70 years engaged a tutor. She has never missed a weekly lesson since then, and her voice so improved that she can take a solo part in the choir, and gramophone records of her singing have been broadcast.

AWHEEL AND AFLOAT IN LANCASHIRE

Holidays at Home is the order for most of us; but some enterprising Lancashire families have solved the travel problem without adding to the burden of the railways.

Some families have borrowed a local tradesman's covered cart, and with a few necessities, such as a spirit stove, blankets, and food, have set out for the week's holiday in gipsy fashion.

The pleasant canals of the north-west also attract holiday-makers. Walking along a tow-path one may come upon the unusual sight of a well-washed coal barge pulled by a horse and carrying one or more families in a temporary home for a week's holiday. The equipment is of the simplest, consisting of a tarpaulin cover, oil lamps, and a few necessary pieces of furniture.

THE TWINS

The 19-year-old twin daughters of Rev H. Saunders, of Clarkson, Ontario, Canada, are each taking charge of a small pastorate during the summer because of the shortage of ministers. They take the Sunday services, preach, and do Sunday School and young people's work. In the autumn they will return to college.



The Army at Play

Officer Cadets of the RASC give their Instructor a ducking Somewhere on the South-East Coast

The EDITOR'S TABLE

More Children Killed on the Roads

WE were able to record for May that there was a fall in the sad record of children's deaths on the roads. Unfortunately, in June there was an increase which gave us the worst figures for the month of June since the war began. Here is the record of children killed in each June:

1940, 63; 1941, 110; 1942, 111; 1943, 120.

Three out of four of the children killed were between five and six years old.

Apart from children, the June record was better. The total of road deaths was 380.

Once again we repeat the slogan that every child should know: *At the kerb halt. Eyes right, eyes left. If all clear, quick march!*

BEST FED TROOPS

THE Director-General of the Army Medical Services, Lieutenant-General Sir Alexander Hood, said the other day at a meeting of the Food Education Society that no army in the history of war was ever better fed than the Eighth Army. He directed attention to the large number of different kinds of food which had to be served to the various nationalities among our fighting men, all of whom had to be properly fed.

It is as true today as in the time of Napoleon, who declared it, that an army marches on its stomach.

Making Poor Children Taller

WE know well from various data that the children of a poor town district are considerably shorter than the children of near-by well-to-do districts.

Sir John Boyd Orr declared the other day that schoolchildren between the ages of 13 and 14 from poor families in Glasgow are one-half to three-quarters of an inch taller than before the war, as a result of better diet in wartime. We hope this is true of many other towns.

Under the Editor's Table

SOME people easily lose their tempers. But unfortunately always find them again.

ALL sheep are not alike, declares a shepherd. But they are all like sheep.

CAN plants communicate with each other? Well, we all know the bark of a tree.

If you want a good garden you must put in plenty of time. And seed.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If mathematicians are ever at sixes and sevens

A BAKERY is advertising for an all-round man. A bakery round, of course.

THOUSANDS of people are helping with the harvest. The crowd is gathering.

ENGLISH canned plums may not keep. Not even if you keep them canned.

SIX hundred people queued up for a steamer. Probably the owners wanted to keep it.

Seeing Britain With New Eyes

NEVER perhaps in our history have so many gallant men realised how much they love this dear old island.

Oceans and continents now separate them from the little country that gave them birth, but long, long thoughts and visions of home ever and anon crowd in upon the minds of our soldiers in the Near East, in Persia, India, and the Burma border, of our airmen and sailors scattered about the world, and of our men in prison camps. They see again the white cliffs of Dover, the village street, the market-place, and the winding country lane down Devon way.

Their eyes have been opened to all the glories they have left behind. The "dear, dear land" has become something more than a name—part and parcel of their very beings, as dear to them as life itself.

They understand as never before the truth of the wise man's saying: "I fancy the proper means of increasing our love for our native country is to

reside some time in a foreign one." Surging above all else is the eager anticipation of the great Day of Victory when they will see home again. It helps them to endure hardship as good soldiers, to keep a brave face and a stout heart, to smile through.

We can read it in the letters they write. "Other places may have their attractions, but give me Cornwall every time," says a Cornish lad in a letter just received from India. He came from the farmlands and has travelled in several countries since he followed the plough and milked the cows. And from the Eastern desert comes this pensive longing of a lad whose boyhood was spent in a rural parish: "Here, where there is nothing but sand around you and the town is miles away, you have to make your own enjoyment. Roll on the day when I can see England's green fields again!" From far away across the seas, this "dear, dear land" is being seen with new eyes and greater understanding!

EDUCATION FOR THE ADULT

WE are glad that in his reply for the Government to the debate on the White Paper on Education the Earl of Selborne declared to the House of Lords that it was their intention to further and foster adult education after the war. For many, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, had criticised Mr Butler's scheme for not giving sufficient attention to this valuable branch of education.

As Sir Richard Livingstone pointed out in a letter to The Times, some 80 per cent of our

population have left or are still leaving school at 14 years of age. That was no proper equipment for the citizens of a democracy, and had in many cases been seriously interrupted by the war. Yet these men and women who had left school at 14 would form the majority of the British electorate during the next 30 years.

Sir Richard went on to point out that the remarkable work of army education has created a new interest and appetite for adult education.

Ruskin on Big Roofs and Little Roofs

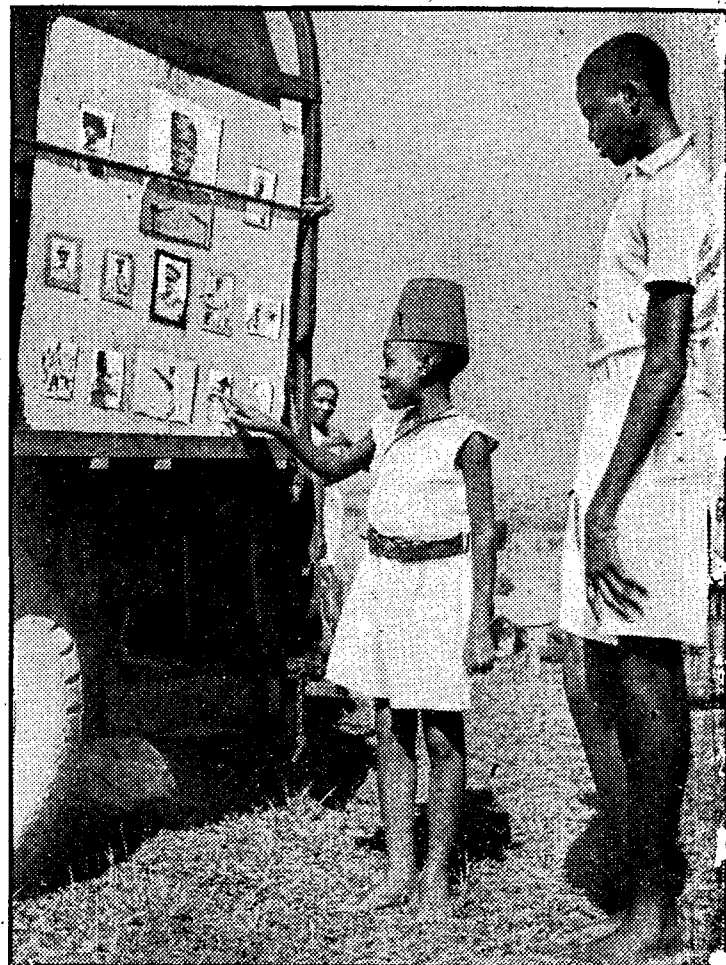
A correspondent has sent us this extract from Ruskin's Lectures on Art, which will be read with interest today when most of us are discussing Town and Country Planning:

TAKE care that in every town the little roofs are built before the large ones, and that everybody who wants one has got one. And we must try

to make everybody want one. That is to say, at some not very advanced period of life, men should desire to have a home, which they do not wish to quit any more, suited to their habits of life, and likely to be more and more suitable to them until their death. And men must desire to have these their dwelling-places built as strongly as possible, and furnished and decorated daintily and set in pleasant places, in bright light and good air, being able to choose for themselves that at least as well as swallows. And when the houses are grouped together in cities, men must have so much civic fellowship as to subject their architecture to a common law, and so much civic pride as to desire that the whole gathered group of human dwellings should be a lovely thing, not a frightening one, on the face of the earth.

JUST AN IDEA

So long as we are honest with ourselves and know what we want and why we want it, says a writer we were reading the other day, there is never anything to be ashamed of.



Bugler Gabriel Explains

A mobile propaganda unit has been travelling through East Africa to explain the war to the natives. Eleven-year-old Bugler Gabriel is here seen telling a giant Lango native about the East African Forces

HE LOVES THE LAND

THIS is the story of Arthur Scott and of the thing he has done.

Twelve years ago he was offered a job on a farm. The wages were 35 shillings a week. Having four children he might have drawn 34 shillings a week as unemployment benefit, but Arthur Scott had a proud and independent spirit, and he preferred to earn his living, though after eightpence reduction for insurance he was only fourpence a week better off.

After five years he went into Huntingdonshire, where he rented a house and 48 acres of derelict land. He had no money. He had no cattle or poultry. He had no implements. The hedges on his waste land were 12 feet high, and the briars and thorns

grew everywhere in a kind of tangled jungle. Everyone thought Arthur Scott crazy.

But not for long. Neighbour soon discovered that he knew something about farming, and was also a giant for work. His wife and children knew how to work too. Among them they began setting things to rights. They bought a hen and a clutch of eggs, and from this small beginning they reared many fine hens. They set to work to clear the waste ground. They sowed corn and peas and beet. They made enough money for Arthur Scott to buy his farm. Now he owns more than 100 acres of land. He has won through to success. He explains it all in four words: "I love the land."

Telling the Country About the Country

THE National Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs is determined to make the many facets of our rural life better known to our people, and to this end it has joined hands with the Oxford University Press in publishing a series of half-a-crown books called The Story of the Countryside.

These books set out to tell the story of the country as it may be read in village and farm and field, to explain in simple terms our common heritage; and the three already published certainly achieve their objective. Finely produced, they might well be used as text-books in schools, but they can also be read with pleasure by all who would explore and gain a fuller knowledge of our country, the essential

background of all our activities.

The Village, by F. G. Thomas, has absorbing chapters on the growth, the life, the work, and the people of a typical village; and not the least of its attractions are the drawings by John Austen of village scenes and types. Market Town has beautifully-drawn vignettes by Lionel Edwards, and tells of equally important aspects of rural life and of equally important people, from Mr Troutbeck, the auctioneer, to John Tolly, the wheelwright. The Farmyard is illustrated with about 80 photographs of various breeds of horses, ponies, cattle, sheep, and pigs, and though perhaps of less general interest, is just as well-written and as essential to a fuller understanding of the rural scene.

THE OLD CHAIR COMES HOME

A Link With St Augustine

ALL too often the treasures in our museums are treasures rightfully belonging to our churches, and it is pleasing to learn that, following a request from the Bishop of Hereford, the Chair of St Augustine, preserved since 1900 in the Canterbury Museum, is to go back to the little church of Stanford Bishop.

This ancient wooden chair is a great national possession and one of the tangible links in the chain of Christianity in England, for it is believed to be the very chair in which St Augustine sat while holding conference with the Welsh bishops at Stanford Bishop in 603. The story is that the meeting was on some points of controversy between the rival churches, and that the Welshmen decided among themselves to be guided in their policy by the way Augustine received them. If he rose to greet them they would agree with him; if he remained seated they would take it as a sign of haughtiness, and disagree. Augustine remained seated, and so the conference came to naught.

That is the age-old legend of St Augustine's Chair; but its discovery in the little Herefordshire church last century is a romance in itself. Its finder, Dr James Johnston, was revisiting scenes of his boyhood when he wandered into the old church of Stanford Bishop.

"This is a quaint seat," he remarked to the sexton of Stanford Bishop as they sat together among the lumber in the tower; and the old sexton assured him that the sexton who was there when he was a boy declared that the old seat used to be in the chancel, and that Augustine sat in it "when he was in these parts missioning."

Forty-five years passed before Dr Johnston came this way again, and then he recalled the chair and the story the old sexton had told him. When he asked to see the chair the new sexton told him it had been thrown out of the tower during a restoration and that the workmen were about to burn it to cook their lunch when he stopped them, thinking it would make a garden seat, in which he might "sit and smoke his pipe of evenings under the old apple tree."

So it was that Dr Johnston found it possible to buy the chair.

On examining it closely he found it to be of oak, the posts and board fixed by oak pegs, except for the back board, which fitted into slots in the 33-inch high posts. Holes showed where a foot-rest had been, but the most remarkable feature was the actual seat, which was hinged like the lid of a box and moved up and down. These hinges were round bits of wood such as Roman carpenters used, called cardines, during the first six centuries.

Such is St Augustine's chair, which Dr Johnston's son presented to Canterbury in 1900, and which now through the generous spirit of the Canterbury Corporation (whose property the chair remains) will find sanctuary again in the village church where it had been for many centuries.

A Lesson From Rationing

WARTIME food restrictions and investigations in connection with food rationing have brought to light an alarming change in the habits of country people.

Girls, no longer taught "good plain cooking" at home, dropped very easily into the habit of buying ready-prepared foods in town stores. Many village women work in the fields for long hours, and there is therefore a good excuse for their preference for the tin-opener to the mixing bowl, but the disappearance of the old type of cottage cookery has had its harmful effect.

Now, however, the war has restricted transport, caused women to work longer hours, and stopped the supply of many of those cheap foods which were "all flavour and no food," as one old villager described them. The younger women and the girls are

having to learn something which seemed to be second nature to their elders: to make a good meal from plain ingredients.

An objection made to the teaching of cookery in schools is that preparing a meal in an ordinary cottage from a none-too-well stocked cupboard is very different from cooking in a well-equipped school kitchen with exactly the right ingredients. Therefore, the older women say, they must teach the younger folk, just as their mothers did before them.

An interesting sidelight on the problem is the attitude of many older women to rationing. They remember the meagre meals of 50 years ago, and have never developed a taste for "factory" food. Consequently they complain little, and even look upon food rationing as an idea that will do a great deal of good.

WHO WAS GIGSY?

SOME grown-ups had a sort of Brains Trust the other night with nicknames as the subject. Plum, W. G., the G. O. M., Winnie were instantly recognised, but Gigsy caused much hesitation and confusion. Who was Gigsy?

As a schoolboy he wore big old-fashioned spectacles, which led to his being called Giglamps. Gigs are never seen today; they were high, horse-drawn traps for two passengers, and with a lamp on either side for night-driving they

gave their name to spectacles. In the boy's case the name was shortened to Gigs, which grew into Gigsy. By that name, until his death in 1936, he was proud to be called by all his old school-fellows, and friends who had been the friends of those schoolfellows.

Giglamps, Gigs, Gigsy was Rudyard Kipling, and by that name, we are told, he is still spoken of by those who knew him in his boyhood, his youth, and his early manhood.

CARRY ON

THE AEROPLANE

O, the fierce purr of it,
Clang of it, whirr of it.
O, the brave might of it,
Fight of it, flight of it.
O, the swift curve of it,
Swoop of it, swerve of it.
O, the proud speed of it,
O, the vast greed of it,
Gripping the air.
Nay, but the soul of it,
Keeping control of it.
Nay, but the heart of it,
Beating as part of it,
Ready to dare.
Hazardous breath in it,
Danger and death in it,
Nay, but the skill of it,
Courage and will of it,
That is the thrill of it,
That is the wonder that flutters
up there.

That is no engine, random and
blind,
Driven by pounding piston and
rod;
Its pinions are courage, its pilot
is mind,
Its nostrils are full of the breath
of a god.
For there like a speck, twixt the
wings' mighty span,
Sit the courage and wisdom and
will of a Man.
O stars, ye are shaken, O space,
thou art slain,
By the wiles of a soul, by the
wings of a brain.
Ronald Campbell Macfie

A Faith Worth Fighting For

THE fate of democracy, whatever it may be, is also the fate of our institutions of learning. While these institutions in earlier years helped to release the intellectual ferment out of which our modern democracy developed, they are today based upon the intellectual and spiritual foundations which democracy itself has laid. They can exist only so long as democracy exists. Regimented ideas and universities cannot live side by side. A university in exile is an indictment of a civilisation. The search for truth and the weighing of values cannot be maintained in a world from which freedom has been banished.

The Rockefeller Foundation Review

THE SONG OF THE BIRDS

BIRDS each have their distinctive coat,
And all their own authentic note;
With ecstasy sublime they sing,
They sing in spite of everything.

I often wonder as I hear
That music thrilling heart and
ear,
Are these songs, rapturously
sung,
The same as when the world
was young?

If I but knew the message sent,
And could interpret what it
meant,
I'd learn a secret that began
When God at first made birds
and man.
David Effaye

Sayings of Saint Paul

THE kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace.

God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak to confound the mighty.

All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient; all things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the power of any.

We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.

If a man be overtaken in a fault, restore such a one in the spirit of weakness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and evil speaking, be put away from you.

Whatsoever things are true,

whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

Be at peace among yourselves. Be patient toward all men. See that none render evil for evil. Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks. Prove all things. Hold fast that which is good. Abstain from all appearance of evil.

Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches.

Follow righteousness, faith, charity, peace, but foolish and unlearned questions avoid, knowing that they do gender strifes.

The just shall live by faith. Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

I am ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.

REALITY

THE peoples of the earth, from king to slave,
Are passing from the cradle to the grave:
Who then but fools would waste this sacred life,
In hatred, greed, and suicidal strife?

The fleeting life of all the human race,
Is but a bubble on the ocean's face;
Yet there are fools who think that they are great,
With superhuman powers to change man's fate.

Man's pride and self-importance are the seeds,
Of class distinction, wars, and empty creeds;
They breed the filthy rats and birds of prey,
Who make the world a slaughter house today.

No mortal knows the future or the past,
Man's fate already is for ever cast!
How small a man must be, who cannot see
That he is lost in endless mystery.

Man is to all that will for ever be
Less than the smallest blood-cell is to me . . .
The sooner all perceive the part they play,
The sooner pomp and war will pass away.

Enjoy the precious blessings of the earth,
Its sunshine, beauty, friendship, love, and mirth;
Enjoy the little time you may remain,
Let not the fleeting hours be spent in vain. E. Oxburgh



THIS ENGLAND

A peep at the ancient priory church at Cartmel in Lancashire

FLAX AND THE FLAG

No less than 52,000 acres of British soil have this year been growing flax, whereas the flax acreage before the war was only 3000 acres. The sight of our fields where the flax harvest is in progress takes us back in thought to days when everybody in the country turned to the land in time of garnering.

Our ancestors in pre-machinery days, whether they were judges and lawyers in the courts, or students at the universities, all quitted their professional or scholastic labours for the ingathering of the crops.

Where machinery cannot be used for the gathering of our flax harvest, owing to the crop having been levelled by winds or rains, hand-pulling is necessary, and everybody available, from school-children, soldiers, residents, and holidaymakers, have all been busy on this strenuous task.

Who, as he harvests the flax today, thinks of Nelson with the telescope to his blind eye, refusing to see the signal from Sir Hyde Parker that was to recall him from the Battle of Copenhagen? But for our need of flax there would have been no such battle and no such signal.

In those days England relied on the Baltic countries, not only for timbers for ships' masts, but for ropes, and, above all, for sailcloth made of the flax that we could not grow.

Acting under the tyrannous directions of Napoleon, Denmark, allying herself to a confederacy of our seagoing enemies, barred our entry into the Baltic and closed against us the ports from which we got our hemp and other essential supplies. The day was ours, and with it the right of way

to materials that carried our men-of-war to victory and our merchant shipping into every sea.

If at that time we could have sent to the other side of the world we might have been independent of Baltic flax. As a result of his visit to New Zealand with Captain Cook, Sir Joseph Banks, the great botanist, had assured the British Government that the flax growing wild there was incomparable.

From samples that he had brought home, manufacturers had made sailcloth which they declared superior to any canvas that could be produced from European flax. Moreover, it was added, so excellent was the New Zealand flax that a cable of it, ten inches in circumference, would be superior in strength to one of 18 inches made from Baltic flax.

But New Zealand was a hazardous and long voyage for the little sailing-ships of the time, so Nelson had to go to Copenhagen with his blind eye and his telescope to fight the Danes and so ensure wings for the Navy's ships, and all that bore our flag and fortunes. Flax is just as important today, as airmen know whose lives depend on the strength and efficiency of the parachute harness to which they commit their lives as they leap from our planes or gliders.

A Memory of Judge Jeffreys

ARCHITECTS have been discussing the future of a lovely doorway in Red Lion Square.

It is believed that Sir Christopher Wren was associated with the building to which it belonged, recently a girl's school known as St George's College.

The Nazi bombers destroyed the house, but the doorway miraculously escaped, and it is hoped that it will go to the Victoria and Albert Museum.

This house was once the home of the infamous Judge Jeffreys, who hanged so many innocent men to please James the Second.

When the war broke out, an air-raid shelter was made in the basement of the building. While the builders were at work they stumbled upon a rare historical find, the entrance to a secret passage which led underground to what were once the open fields of Bloomsbury, on the outer fringe of what was North London in Stuart days, when Bedford Row was a street of quiet fashion and not the haunt of solemn lawyers.

It may have been that Jeffreys escaped along this tunnel when the news came of the landing of the Prince of Orange, and from there he made his way to Millwall, dressed as a sailor, but was caught before he could get away across the Channel. Now the passage is blocked up by debris, and may never be traced to the point where it emerged, 250 years ago, into what is now busy Southampton Row. All we have to illustrate the romantic story of the Hanging Judge's futile dash for liberty is a gracious old doorway, with its pillars and pediment, and the sculptured face of a bearded sage looking out above the charming archway.

WHO'S WHO

Who's Who is a popular weekly feature in a Methodist Social Club in the Middle East. No, it is not a game, although there is all the element of surprise, joy, and excitement about it!

A large body of Servicemen, most of whom are strangers to one another, always attend, and many often come away after having made a glad discovery.

This is what happens. One by one the Padre calls on every man to stand and announce his name and home address. Of course, all the others listen to the Roll Call eagerly and intently, hoping that a familiar place name will fall from someone's lips.

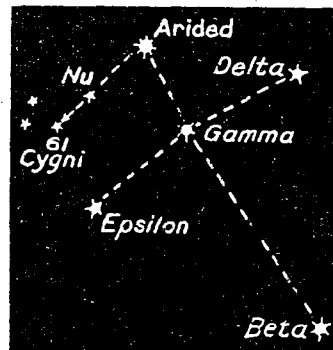
How thrilling to hear the name of your own beloved county or even a town or village near your home. What joy, thousands of miles away from kith and kin, suddenly to make the acquaintance of someone with whom you can talk of people and places you both know in dear old Britain! How delightful to have found a friend with whom you have so much in common because he comes from your native heath!

A Cornishman has just written home saying that Who's Who was the means of introducing him to half-a-dozen others who were complete strangers to him and yet hailed from towns and villages only a few miles from his own doorstep!

THE NORTHERN CROSS Now ABOVE Us A Massive World in Cygnus

THE constellation of Cygnus, the Swan, which is now overhead as soon as the sky is dark, is now of particular interest, as a very far-off world has been discovered revolving as a planet round one of its double suns, writes the C N Astronomer. These suns known as 61 Cygni, that is number 61 of Cygnus, appear of but fifth magnitude, but may be easily found, appearing as a single star, when the sky is quite dark and clear.

The identification of the chief stars of Cygnus will be readily made from the star-map, which shows them arranged as what



The chief stars of the Northern Cross, showing how to find 61 Cygni

has been popularly known as the Northern Cross for nearly 2000 years. The early Christians, who first saw in these five bright stars the form of their venerated Cross in the Heavens, little knew that the brilliant Arided at the Head of the Cross was the most brilliant sun in the northern half of the sky (that is, as far as is known), and that it radiates about 10,000 times more light than our Sun. How those early Christians and, in fact, the Christians for 18 centuries after, would have marvelled had they known that the beautiful star Beta, which represented to them the two Feet of Christ, was actually composed of two great suns!

One of these is a giant golden sun about a thousand light-years distant; the other, which is of a bluish hue, is about 350 light-years away. They may be seen as separate stars through a small telescope. Delta, representing the Hand, is a sun which radiates some 40 times more light than our Sun, but from 86 light-years distant; it has a great fiery world or planet which revolves round it in 321 years. Epsilon, opposite, is but 78 light-years distant and also radiates about 40 times more light than our Sun. Delta and Epsilon are thus a very similar pair, while Gamma, a bright star of second magnitude, is an immense sun which radiates 1600 times more light than our Sun; but it is 405 light-years distant, that is, about 25,632,000 times farther away than our Sun.

SOLDIER AND TRAVELLER TOO

FOR a soldier to have travelled 11,000 miles during leave periods between campaigns must be something of a record. Yet this has been the experience of a New Zealander, Signalmen A. S. Helm, who has visited most of the countries in the Middle East.

His latest excursion included wanderings through Persia to Russia. In the Caucasus he

The star Arided (sometimes called Deneb) will, with the fourth-magnitude star Nu, enable the observer to find the fainter 61 Cygni, which is of so much interest. This fifth-magnitude star is composed of two suns, one about 500,000 miles in diameter and the other about 600,000 miles. Our Sun is 864,000 miles in diameter. But the suns of 61 Cygni are some 7,500,000,000 miles apart, so one as seen from the other appears only as a bright star, but both suns are travelling at the great speed of 65 miles a second towards the north-east.

From recent discoveries made chiefly at Sproul Observatory, Swarthmore, in the United States, it has been found that these suns revolve once in about 720 years round a common centre of gravity, and that there is a great planet which revolves round one of the suns in an extremely eccentric or elliptical orbit so that its distance from its central sun varies from 70,000,000 miles to about 220,000,000 miles. As a world it is extremely massive, calculations indicating that it is about 16 times more massive than Jupiter, so it must be a colossal planet with sufficient weight or gravitational pull to make its central sun revolve in an orbit.

Precise Measurements

This solar system of 61 Cygni is altogether of a more advanced stage of evolution than is our Sun. Its great speed through space and proximity to our Solar System enabled it to be the first star to have its distance measured. This was effected by Bessel in 1838, and it is now known to be only 10.9 light-years distant from us.

Proximity to our Solar System is a great advantage in obtaining precise measurements and evidence for the existence of planetary worlds. When, however, a star appears to be at an enormous distance, as in the case of Beta in Lyra (recently dealt with here), then in proportion to the uncertainty as to distance so all calculations as to size also become uncertain. Hence the supreme importance of the Astronomer Royal's recent correction of the Sun's average distance to 93,005,000 miles—65,000 miles more precise than was previously accepted. G. F. M.

BEDTIME CORNER Benny Tries to Help

MILES was hobbling about with such a stiff leg that Benny asked him if he had tumbled down and hurt himself.

"No, Master Benny," said the old gardener, "it's the rheumatics. I've got it cruel."

"Oh dear!" said Benny. He was feeling very, very sorry for Miles. On days when there was no "rheumatics" to spoil things the two had



long talks together. Benny knew all about the hole in the roof of Miles's cottage where the rain came through, and how the Squire's agent wouldn't do anything about it, and how his chickens were. And Miles knew all about Benny's white rabbit and the silver watch that he was to have on his fifth birthday.

"I know what I'll do," Benny said to himself; "I'll go away to the other side of the garden and pull up the

weeds, and give Miles a tremendous surprise."

He stopped at the rose lawn he was passing, and looked at it carefully.

"I think I'll begin here," he said aloud; "there seem to be a lot of weeds in these beds."

He took his little rake and set to work.

He was so busy pulling out the little green shoots and tossing them into his wheelbarrow, that he didn't hear Miles coming along till the old man got close up to him.

"Hi!" he shouted suddenly—so suddenly that Benny dropped his rake and almost fell over. "What are you doing to that bed?"

"Pulling out the weeds," said Benny. He was staring at the old man, watching for the look of pleasure to break out on the kindly, wrinkled face. But Miles was looking almost angry.

Benny went up to him and took his hand; and all at once he knew.

"They aren't weeds at all!" he said. "What are they?"

"Plants for Spring flowering," said Miles. "I only bedded 'em out last week."

"Oh, I am sorry," said Benny, gulping down a lump in his throat; "I did want to help you."

"I know that, bless your heart," said Miles, smiling at last. "But next time we'll have to work together, then we shan't make no mistakes."

The Children's Newspaper, August 21, 1943

Fighting an Epidemic in the Far North

AMONG the most adventurous men in the world who have to be ready to meet snow and ice, loneliness and disease, are the men of the Hudson Bay Company in the far north of Canada. One of them, Mr P. J. Soper, has recently described how he fought a deadly epidemic among 125 Indians at a remote northern post.

When we left Fort Chimo (he says), one or two of the natives had colds, which were not serious, and which are to be found amongst any band of natives during the summer months. For the first two days on the river we had ideal weather—fine and bright. At midday on the third it began to rain, later turning to snow, and, as we were on the river between camps, everyone was properly drenched.

After that, for the balance of the trip, it was noticeable day by day that more and more were getting colds, and that those who had them were getting worse and worse. This state of affairs kept progressing until, by the time we reached the third and last portage, there were two who had to be carried over the last part of the portage and in and out of their tents.

Next day the first two canoes arrived, bringing many tales of woe about the sick below on the river, and also bringing their share of the sick. On Wednesday the rest arrived, and, without exaggeration, they were, without a doubt, the sorriest and most dejected looking bunch of people

that I have ever laid eyes upon. They were all so weak and ill that it was only by Herculean efforts that they were able to land the freight and stack it on the beach. I had it covered and left there until I had men well enough to carry it to the warehouses.

After all were ashore and had either their own camps up or were billeted in someone else's, I mixed up a "saucepan" of mustard plaster and, armed with that, plus aspirin, quinine, chlorodyne, Dover powder, and thermometer, I started to make the rounds of all camps. At present I cannot recall how long that took, but I do know that never in my life have I plastered on so many plasters, administered so much medicine, or doled out so much fatherly advice in my pidgin-Indian.

At the height of the epidemic, I had as many as 125 to look after. Anyway, I carried on, a mustard plaster on this one, aspirin, Dover powder, quinine to the next, and so forth.

Finally, on October 1, they were able to leave for their hunting grounds, and it was with a feeling of heartfelt thanks that I saw them vanishing down the lake. I recall picking up a calendar then and was hardly able to believe my eyes. It was but two weeks, all told, since they had arrived at the post. It had seemed more like two months.

WARTIME LIFE IN JAPAN

JAPAN's home life in wartime has recently been described by correspondents who have been piecing together news from that country.

The housewife in Japan not only knows what it is to have every product she uses rationed, but she has become accustomed to stand for hours in line to buy the little her ticket permits.

Long before the war skimpy packages of sugar were given to each family in Japan once a month. A Tokyo housewife today buys her rice or bread by ticket, too, and she is not permitted to buy both. The rice is mixed with barley. The bread is grey and doughy. It is a gala day in her home when a housewife can buy a piece of meat, good or bad, without going to the "black market."

The year before the war heat was not permitted in any public building until January, and last year not until the end of January. If a Japanese uses more than the limited amount of electricity and cooking gas allotted him, an agent shuts off the supply. There is no petrol for private use, and no one is permitted to buy a car. Even Army officers in Tokyo ride in charcoal-burning automobiles.

All clothing in Japan is on a ticket system. You cannot just go in and buy a suit. Even if you are able to get one at a cost of 100 to 150 yen it will not be all wool and cotton, but will contain 20 per cent of staple fibre. Shoes are now considered a luxury in Japan, and the only leather used for shoes for the public is whale-skin. The soles are of some sort of paper composition, which virtually melts the first time the wearer walks out in a rainstorm.

Wave-Hopping Planes and Birds

WHEN our bombers cross the Channel or the Mediterranean on a daylight raid, do their observers, we wonder, spare a moment for a glance at the birds below or around them? Birds followed winged reptiles into the air; we have followed the birds. Our planes frequently fly just above the crest of the waves; birds practise the same manoeuvre, and with greater adroitness.

The pilot of the plane seeks to avoid detection by enemy observers, and so uses the sea as a screen—a low, absorbing background, as it were, against which it is more difficult to perceive his flight than when he is high in the air, visible to watchers and easily detected by radio-location. So, too, the seabird makes the waves its screen, but in this case

it is no more than a wind-screen.

Many of us have watched these bird evolutions from the shore or from the deck of a ship, but no one has better described them than that prince of bird-watchers, the late Lord Grey of Fallodon. In a passage on this kind of flight, he wrote: "Gulls in stormy weather steering a course across a bay or along the coast, may be seen to take advantage of the shelter of waves; they will fly along the lee side of a wave, then, to keep their course, cross over its crest and immediately continue in the lee of the next wave, thus using the waves to shelter and ease their flight."

So the highest product of mechanical genius and the free wild thing of nature seek safety from the same source with different motives.

MORE AIRCRAFT WORKERS

THE war demands more work on aeroplanes and coal, and so the Government has had to make further calls on the labour of women and of juveniles.

A further call upon women, up to the age of 50, is proposed. More women are not required in the Forces, but more women will be directed to aircraft work, in which there is the greatest demand for labour.

Boys and girls of 16 to 17 may also be called upon to serve in aircraft factories.

Men are to be allowed to choose coalmining instead of service in the fighting forces, and young men between the ages 18 and 25 will be directed to the pits if sufficient men do not volunteer for that service.

It is not supposed that many women up to 50 would be able to undertake full time service, but it is thought that a certain proportion of them might be able to work part time, and release younger women for aircraft factories.

A Streamlined Language

WHAT may be a great new hope for deaf and dumb children in learning to read is being tried out at the Margate Royal School for Deaf and Dumb Children.

There two classes are practising to read in the simple Basic English, which has only 850 words to master instead of the 1200 usually taught.

Both these classes (says Miss Leonora Lockhart, the expert on Basic English) have been doing Basic for just over a year, but language-learning is such a painfully slow business for the totally deaf that decisive results can scarcely be expected before the end of the second year.

Already, however, the Junior Basic Class is displaying linguistic ability well above the school average, while the boys in the backward Senior Class, after seven or eight years of practically wasted schooling, are at last beginning to frame and write elementary sentences. These older boys, unfortunately, have had to contend with other drawbacks in addition to deafness.

Peter, a tall, healthy-looking lad from Kenya, clever with his fingers, had received practically no instruction of any kind till he came to England a year ago. He is still at the stage of matching word-cards with picture-cards. Boys of this sort are not unteachable, but if they do not see quick results they become discouraged. Basic is a streamlined language that appeals to them. The details fall into place in a neatly graded pattern. It is therefore an easy ladder to climb.

The great merit of Basic for a

class such as this is that it is a complete and self-contained system. These boys have only a year, or at most two, in which to master the written and spoken word. But the rate of learning is so slow that it would be impossible for the teacher in that time to give his boys the means of self-expression by ordinary teaching methods. Basic alone makes adult communication possible within the compass of 850 simple words.

The teachers who are experimenting with Basic believe that if these children begin Basic at seven they could be taught the whole vocabulary by the time they were eleven, and they would then be able to read extensively and study school subjects in the senior classes.

Grubs For Grandfather

Grass grubs proved more costly to one New Zealand grandfather than he had counted on.

Concerned about the ravages of the grass grubs in his lawns, he searched the dead grass, and after considerable trouble found ten grubs. He then offered his six grandchildren one shilling a dozen for grubs collected by them on his lawn. They entered the business in a big way with rakes and forks. Grandfather's surprise can be imagined when he awoke next morning to find six children in his bedroom armed with all sorts of containers filled with grubs and a bill for £3 13s. They had collected 73 dozen.



**"TO LIVE
WILL BE AN
AWFULLY
BIG
ADVENTURE"**

One day the war will end. One day a new world will surely re-awaken around wide-eyed children unused to the ways of peace.

The carefree spirit of Peter Pan will capture the hearts of a young generation on the threshold of fresh, simple delights. Then, slightly to misquote Barrie—"To live will be an awfully big adventure."

Wise parents are keeping their children fit and healthy now with 'Milk of Magnesia', so that they will enjoy to the full the zest of youth in the happier years ahead.



'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

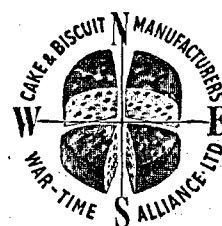
Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

EXPRESSIONS OF SATISFACTION



"It's a piece of Cake"

"'Another great fighter sweep' the papers will call it tomorrow, but it was 'a piece of cake' for me. It's certainly given me a whale of an appetite. What about going to the canteen for a cup of tea and a piece of cake. That'll keep us going. And very nice, too!"



**Remember that supplies
are limited so don't buy
more than your share.**

Wireless Wasp

A LITTLE boy whose father was a wireless enthusiast ran into the house sucking his hand.

"Daddy," he cried, "I found a big fly with black and yellow stripes in the garden, but I don't think his wiring was properly insulated, because when I picked him up he gave me a shock."

Many Different Faces

DRAW on a sheet of paper or cardboard a bold circle in ink, three or four inches in diameter. Then cut out of black paper about a dozen little strips of varying lengths, and see how many different kinds of faces and expressions you can make by varying the strips.

Jacko Finds a Use For Statues



THERE were still three sandwichmen in Jacktown, and one day while they were taking a rest Jacko borrowed their boards and adorned the statues in the Square with them. While he and Bouncer were laughing heartily at the town worthies in their new role the sandwichmen, now very much awake again, came along breathing vengeance. "This is where we make a hasty but strategic withdrawal," gasped Jacko.

How Many Sheep?

A MAN walking along a country road met a shepherd driving a flock of sheep.

"How many sheep have you?" asked the man. And the shepherd replied:

"If I had as many more, and half as many more, and a quarter as many more, I should have one short of a hundred."

How many sheep were there?

Answer next week

Splendid Corrective!

The scarcity of certain foods, resulting in a less varied diet, is very liable to cause irregularity. In such cases, Lixen is a splendid corrective. It does not purge or gripe. It forms no habit. Prepared from senna pods by a special process that removes all harshness, it helps the system back to regularity in a safe, healthy way. Lixen is equally suitable for young or old.

Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 2/3, 3/11.
Lixen Lozenges, fruit flavoured, in bottles, 1/8.
Purchase Tax Incl.

Made in England by Allen & Hanbury Ltd.

LIXEN

THE GOOD-NATURED

Laxative

THE BRAN TUB

THREE CATCH SUMS

If a goose weighs ten pounds and half its own weight, what is the weight of the goose?

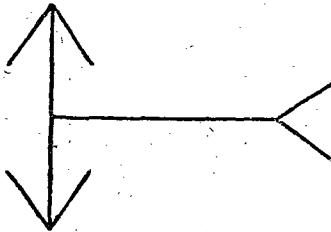
How many days would it take a man to cut up a piece of cloth twenty yards long, one yard being cut off each day?

A snail climbing up a post twenty feet high ascends five feet each day and also slips down four feet each night. How long will it take it to reach the top of the post?

Answers next week

An Optical Illusion

At first sight you would think that the horizontal line is



longer than the perpendicular one, but measure it and see for yourself.

EASILY SETTLED

KIND old gentleman: Well, my little fellow, what would you like to be when you grow up?

Little fellow: I'd like to be a nice old gentleman like you with nothing to do but walk about asking little boys questions.

A Fruitless Search

THE wind ran away with Claude's hat, and a motor-car mangled it flat. Claude murmured, "agape," "Why, it's lost all its shape!" And he went about looking for that.

The Grass Snake

THE grass snake, which is quite harmless, is very common in the South of England. It may be easily distinguished from the viper by the bright yellow ring round its neck.

It is equally at home on land and in the water and swims with a wriggling eel-like motion, holding its head several inches above water. Its food consists mainly of frogs, newts, and small fish. It is unknown in Scotland and Ireland.

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 If steady this helps the crops. 5 Spoken. 9 A scented oil distilled from roses. 10 A kind of gown. 11 Accordingly. 12 A mob. 14 Sends forth. 16 A wager. 17 County. 19 Likewise. 21 The great artery. 24 Receding. 25 Chemical symbol for aluminium. 27 To bellow. 28 To stimulate. 30 A small lake. 31 Rest.

Reading Down. 1 England's emblematic flower. 2 A minute particle of matter. 3 A pronoun. 4 The top of the world. 5 A globe. 6 A thief. 7 Competent. 8 A manorial court. 13 Belonging to a certain continent. 15 A line on a weather map. 18 A vagabond. 19 One of three scholastic periods. 20 A hautboy. 22 Metallic ends of a lace. 23 On the lee side. 25 Keen resentment. 29 Royal Academician (abbrev.). Answer next week

The Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC broadcasts for Wednesday, August 18, to Tuesday, August 24.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 Holidays at Home, an impression of all that Northampton is providing to give children a happy time; followed by John and Jennifer, another squirrel story by Phyllis Kelway. 5.50 Letters in the Sand, by Laurens Sargent—No. 5, He and Waw.

THURSDAY, 5.20 We'll Meet in England, by Kitty Barne—The story of how a Norwegian family escaped, adapted by Muriel Levy—Part 2, Escape.

FRIDAY, 5.20 Papagaio Loiro, a talk about the birds in the forests of the Amazon by Gwenn Knight, illustrated by songs to the guitar.

5.45 The Appeal of Water, a talk by Peter Scott.

SATURDAY 5.20 A feature about Boys' Camps. 5.40 Bird Island, William Aspdren talks about the interesting island of Llanddwyn, Anglesey.

SUNDAY, 5.20 The Gentle Sex—the Two Cities Concannon Film directed by Leslie Howard and produced by Derriek de Marney, adapted for radio by John Keir Cross.

MONDAY, 5.20 Ten Minutes Each.

TUESDAY, 5.30 The Unusual Princess—a Legend of Castle Campbell, by W. Kersley Holmes, read by James Crampsey; followed by Scottish Country Dances played by the Strings of the BBC Scottish Orchestra.

Riddles About Books

WHEN is the best time to read a book? When Autumn turns the leaves.

What part of a fish is like the end of a book? The fin-is.

How do you pronounce VOL-IX? Volume nine.

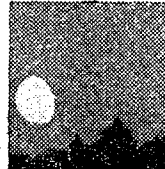
Why is a book like a king? Because it has many pages.

Why are the pages of a book like the days of a man. Because they are numbered.

OTHER WORLDS

IN the evening Mars is low in the east before midnight. In the morning

Saturn is in the south and Mars is in the south-west. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at midnight on Thursday, August, 19.



CURED

A LITTLE girl living at Croydon Was known everywhere as a hoyden;

But she's now very staid, For her last escapade Much annoyed an old bulldog at Croydon.

Sure Proof

Two fishermen were talking by a lake.

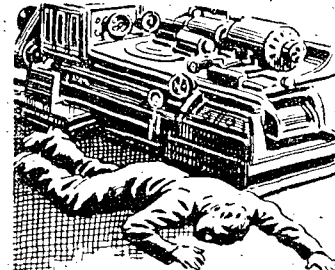
First Man: They say the level of the lake keeps rising or falling. Well, it's a good joke. I have made a mark with chalk, and I assure you that the level has not varied for months.

Second Man: Where did you put your mark?

First Man: On my boat, of course.

ANOTHER THREE MUSTARDEERS' EXPLOIT WITH TWISTY FINGER

Murder on Munitions



JOE TRENT died at his machine. Fred Pendy, who worked on the same machine on alternate shifts, disappeared the same night.

At the inquest evidence was given that Trent and Pendy had had a nasty row, that on the morning of Trent's death the quarrel had been made up over a pint of beer, that the poison which killed Trent could have been administered undetected in beer, and that Pendy was missing. Result—a charge of murder against Pendy.

On his way to work the night Trent died, Pendy felt a gun in his ribs. "Don't shout! Come with me."

A week later a van driver went into a house and came out accompanied by Pendy. "Get into the back," said the driver, "and don't yelp. This gun is liable to go off." He pressed a needle into Pendy's arm, and two minutes later drove away. The van was just leaving the town when it was stopped by traffic lights. The Three Mustardeers were in the middle of the road. When the van moved, turning right, Roger jumped on to the back of the van. For when the van driver put out his arm to signal that he was turning right, Roger saw—a hand with a twisted finger!

"Jim," Mary gasped, "when Roger jumped he called 'Twisty'!" "My stars!" hissed Jim. "Here, taxi," he called to a passing cab, "there's a van going along the Panston Road. We must catch up with it. It's life or death." And off they dashed.

The van stopped. Roger heard the driver say, in Twisty's voice: "It is well you are awake. We leave the van. It is stolen, and I don't want to answer awkward questions." Roger heard a murmur from the van. "My game?" went on Twisty. "With your knowledge of the process on which you and Trent were working, you can be very useful to the Fuehrer." Again a murmur from inside the van, to

which Twisty replied: "No, no, don't be angry. We are really saving your life. Trent is dead. I couldn't leave him to work this process against the Reich. Besides, his death is useful in persuading you. You see your coroners and police are so stupid. They make sad mistakes. They say you killed Trent. I planned it so." Another murmur, and Twisty went on: "Ah, no, no, keep calm. No one will believe you. And death by hanging must be very unpleasant. It is not safe for you to go back, so we wait for darkness—then a submarine, France and safety. Come, we go." Pendy climbed out and went with Twisty. Between them was the glint of a gun.

Roger followed under cover of the hedge. But soon Twisty reached a path across the fields. Then Roger heard the hoot of an owl, repeated three times!

He felt a surge of joy as he sent the answering call to Jim and Mary.

But Twisty heard their footsteps, and skipped round. "Ach, Himmel!" he cursed, as he saw his old enemies. He warned them, "Follow me, and I shoot this man." Then: "Come on," he ordered his captive, and forced Pendy to run, skirting the edge of a disused quarry.

"Jim," cried Mary, "your catapult. See if you can hit him!" Jim took steady aim, and fired. The slug hit Twisty under the knee. He stumbled, and Pendy hit out. Twisty crashed into the thick undergrowth of the quarry. Pendy and the Mustardeers dashed after him. But though they searched carefully, they could not find Twisty.

He was riding away in the taxi which, on Jim's instructions, had waited near the van. "Never mind, Mr. Pendy," said Roger, "I heard Twisty's confession to Trent's murder. That lets you out." "And," replied Pendy, "you've also saved our secret process for Britain, although, mind you, I'd never have shown it to the Nazis."

SAID JIM: "That's taken for granted, as the man said when told a Mustard Bath worked wonders on a cold."

THE MUSTARDEERS' OATH

We will have mustard whenever we can get it. It makes good food taste better. It helps us to keep healthy and strong. We will have Mustard—

Colman's Mustard

